

If we had offered a pencil last week for the silliest suggestion for the steel house, Chester Hall would have won the prize. He said R. G. might use 1/4-inch scrap steel for throw rugs. Contractor Emil Harbers suggests the steel shavings might be woven into rag rugs.

Someone else proposes installing a Roe welder in the garage, to be used for "spotting" pictures on the walls. It would be handy, too, if the tenant wanted to make a few alterations, cut in a new door or window, shift a partition, get in if he lost his keys.

Matter of fact, the inside is to be covered, walls and ceiling with asbestos board. Rock wool—about three tons of it—is to be blown between the steel and the asbestos board for insulation.

Outside is to be painted with a priming coat of non-corrosive paint, a second coat of asbestos paint and then with some decorative color. Any suggestions?

Some of the boys improvised a bathroom this week in keeping with the sturdy type of construction.

A few inches of water on roof and floor are to test the water-tightness of the house before it sails for Cradledump Colony. But if there is any danger of leaks, Joe Salvador has in mind several welders he would like to put aboard to close them en route. He thinks the boys might work for once.

Boiler house is finished and boilers well advanced. Mark Starr started his crew to work this week on bunkers to hold practically 100 tons of coal.

Al Losch says prospects for a basketball team look fair and we may join two leagues.

Bill Wickman has been elected manager of the Stockton basketball team, newly organized this season.

Stanley Hahn, Stockton drafting dept., is on vacation as this is written. Mrs. "Arbie" Kayser has been on the second half of hers.

Stockton office force and shop foremen gave a double-header house-warming surprise party for Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Miller and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Underhill at the Miller home, presenting each family with a gift.

Howard Peterson and Carl Danielson attended the Logging Congress at Eureka, Calif.

If you want to join the YMCA see Merle Yontz, front office.

Sunday, 10 p. m., arrived David Kenneth Thommen, 8-pound grandson in the J. W. Le Tourneau domicile. Papa Paul Thommen, temporarily working in the Peoria printing dept., treated the office staff to candy.

Another baby boy, 7 1/2 pounds, beat him to town by a few hours, arriving in the family of Lee Hodgson, machinist, Sunday morning.

And Carol Jean Hankins was five days ahead of them both, being born Tuesday. Her father is Wallace Hankins, night welder and setup man.

Someone suggests a "Blessed Events" dept. of Plant Life. Keep us supplied with material for it and we'll be glad to make it a weekly feature.

Saturday night a thief got just three blocks with the car of Ernest Reichart, night wheel foreman, when Ernest and a policeman nabbed him.

Death of his mother took Howard Hanshaw, night 12-yd. welder, home to Centralia, Illinois, last Thursday. The night shift sent flowers.

Jesse Curry, night Angledozer welder, was off on vacation this week.

Warren Kirtcher, night assembly man, was called home to Springfield when his father and 12-year-old sister were seriously injured in an auto accident.

Bob Lockridge, yoke dept. welder, has wedded Margie Murphy, niece of Morris and Ellis Blew, night furnacemen.

Joe Fennell, machinist, got back last week from a three-weeks' honeymoon.

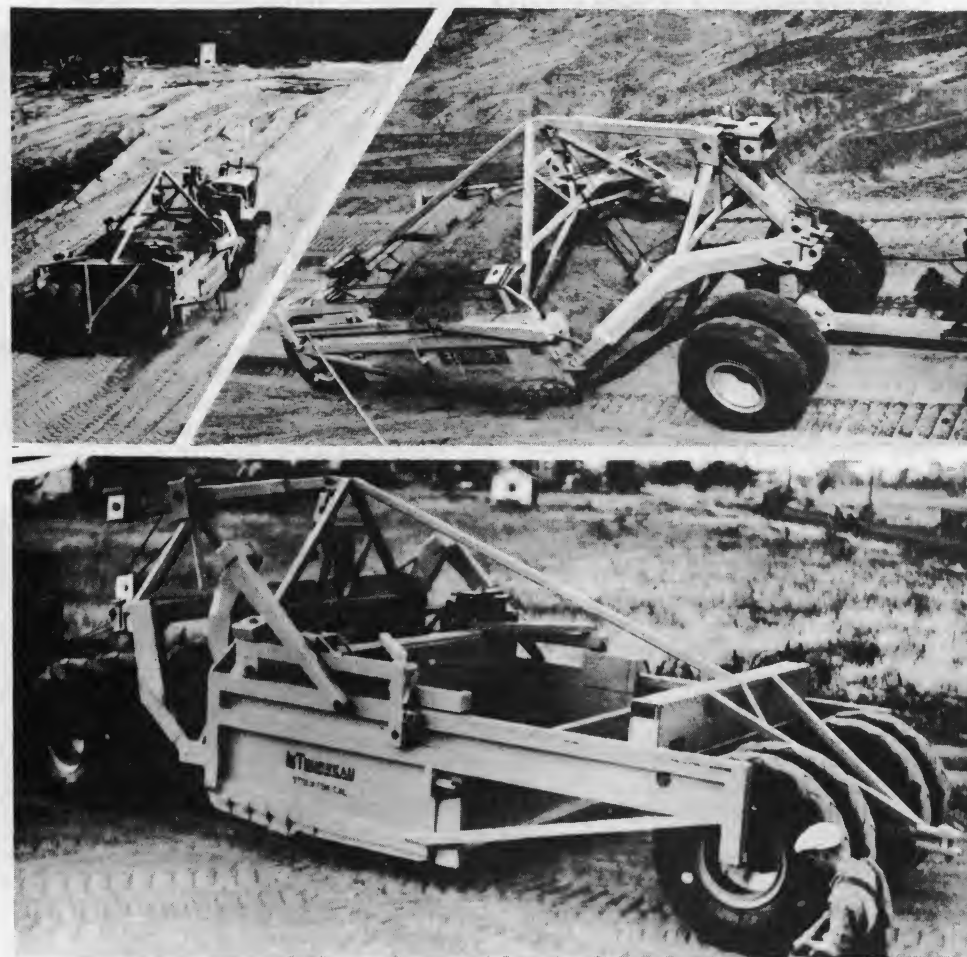
Charles Curry, Peoria welder, is to be married October 24 to Roberta Brenestall.

We must thank Ramon C. Adkins, machinist, for a poem "What Do You Think?" for which we have not space this week.

SAYS RAY:

When the metal plates are not down across the railroad tracks through the shipping dept., Watch Out before crossing the tracks. They're up for cars to be switched, either by a railroad engine or our own PCU Switching Unit.

When U Went To Work By the Zoo



Stockton put its first Type "U" 18-Yard CARRYALL to work alongside the Fleishhacker Zoo in San Francisco a coupla weeks ago, and got these shots. It's all wet sand, which is the toughest going there is.

Note to Jack Bryan: Please send prints to replace these three. We borrowed them from Al Kant.

Ant Study Invention Builds Big Business

Ants are providing a rapidly growing business for a retired Dartmouth engineering instructor, Professor F. E. Austin of Hanover, New Hampshire, and for two New York women who are acting as his sales agents, says *News Week*.

Several years ago Professor Austin built a frame about a foot square, mounted it in two vertical pieces of glass an inch apart. "Between the glass sides he placed moist soil and a 'family' of ants. Watching the ants tunnel, built, mate, eat, wash, bury their dead, and carry their eggs proved such good fun that Austin built more 'ant palaces' for his friends. Gradually other people heard about them and a demand for the palaces developed. In 1931 Austin patented his idea."

Two New York women, hearing about the fad, secured the New York agency and are now selling the ant palaces through specialty shops, department stores, hospital-service shops, Junior League shops and resort hotels. Five workers are now building ant palaces, Hanover schoolboys are earning \$16 a week collecting the ants, and Hanover express shipments of ant colonies average 200 a day.

Here surely is an easy way to follow the well-known counsel of King Solomon, the wisest of men, given in Proverbs 6:6-11:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands in sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth (or, as a robber), and thy want as an armed man."

Hundreds, thousands, millions, like

the rich farmer of whom the Lord Jesus Christ told, whose ground brought forth plentifully, are diligently preparing for the coming winter and for old age, but are giving not a thought to the eternal destiny of their precious souls. The ant, having only a body to consider, spends her summer making provision to feed it through the coming winter. The rich farmer frittered away his time gratifying the desires of the crumbling husk that held the priceless treasure of his never-dying soul.

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" (Luke 12:20.)

Because his eyes were fixed on this present brief existence, he went into eternity a poverty-stricken fool. Spiritual sluggards, millions like him today are being lulled into a lost eternity by Satan the god of this age.

In Proverbs 30:24-25, the ant is commended again as one of four little things on the earth that are exceeding wise: "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in summer."

Here is wisdom for every lost sinner. The ant is not commended for growing its own food, for wresting it from other insects or for venturing out in winter to forage for it. A people not strong, it is capable of none of these acts. But it is commended for doing that which it can, for appropriating in summer the food that lies at hand to store it for winter.

The lost sinner—and all have sinned—cannot save himself; cannot earn salvation by his own works ("Not of works," says Scripture, "lest any man should boast."); can never in eternity pay the full penalty for his iniquities, so as to win release from the abode of the damned. But he can accept that which God has provided through the death on Calvary's cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, and which he now freely offers to all: Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"For when we were yet without

strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Romans 5:6.)

"Behold, Now is the day of salvation." Now is the summer of God's grace, and the harvest when he is gathering souls for His kingdom. Tomorrow death may suddenly end for some reader of these lines the summer of His grace; or the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ for His saints may terminate the harvest. Today whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.

Down through the corridors of a lost eternity, amid the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth in the lake of fire and brimstone, where the worm (the gnawing conscience) dieth not and the fire is not quenched, may echo these words of Scripture: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jeremiah 8:20).

Go to the ant, thou sluggard!

New Viceroy of India Winning Allegiance

Victor Alexander John Hope, Marquess of Linlithgow, recently appointed as Viceroy and Governor General of India, ruler for Britain's Edward VIII of the eleven provinces of India with its 350,000,000 population, is succeeding in winning the allegiance of that diverse and quarrelsome, caste-split people, reports *Time*. The charming simplicity and intimacy of his radio broadcast when he took the oath of office last spring, with all the awesome pomp and dignity of his high appointment, has done much to endear him to India's people.

"God has been good to me, for He has given me five children," he said. "They came into the world each one with a nature and with characteristics different from their brothers and sisters. I have tried my utmost to understand those differences and to deal with each one of my children in a fashion appropriate to his or her nature; to give support where support has seemed to be needed, and in each to cultivate natural gifts and good qualities. I have sought,

too, to encourage them at all times to be tolerant of each other. I love them all most dearly, but among my children I have no favorite. I would have you know that I am incapable of preferring any one Indian community before another."

This, says *Time*, was his way of telling his subjects that he would be a father to them. Yet it would be folly to think that because the Viceroy used this illustration of his immediate family in his talk that an Indian of any caste could uninvited seat himself at the Marquess' table and be considered one of the family. To become a member of the family of the Viceroy he would have literally to be born again.

Though God showers His mercies upon all mankind, dealing with each group and individual of the millions of his human creatures as best fits the case of each, none may claim Him as Father, none may claim to be His child, without being born again. All are by nature sinners, children of Adam's fallen race. Highest and lowest, most wicked and best, are sinners.

That was why the Lord Jesus Christ told Nicodemus, the Pharisee, a ruler of the Jews, God's chosen earthly people, "Ye must be born again." And when He said that to Nicodemus He said it all mankind—"Ye must be born again."

But how can a man or woman, boy or girl be born again? By receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour, as Lord.

"He came unto His own (the Jews), and they that were His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on His name: who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John 1:11-13 R. V.)

NOW

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation."—2 Corinthians 6:2.

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